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THE PLACE I LOVED SO WELL.

It's always yet the dearest place of all
Where oft in memory on fancy's wing
I linger, hear the birds in gladness sing.
There giant worshippers, the oaks, grew tall,
And peace weaves golden threads in this wide hall.
The brooklet murmurs on, intent to bring
All news it gathered since so many a spring;
But one dear name nor woods nor waters call.

The happy dreams that pleased in childhood days
Like captured birds, caressing them, have fled;
Escaped they mock me, as I on them gaze
And vanish; yet, their echoes sound so sweet.
A pleasant echo, words of one long dead,
Rings in my soul and says: "Soon we shall meet."

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00.

LORD BYRON.

AMONG all our English poets there is none to whom fate was so adverse as to George Gordon Byron. He was ostracised from society in life and scorned after death by his countrymen. Being of a very sensitive nature the least insult stung him to the quick. But also to good impulses his heart was open. If we but glance over the history of his early youth we must say, indeed, with the Abbot in *Manfred*,

“This should have been a noble creature.”

Byron's early domestic life was unhappy. His father “a brutal roisterer,” his mother a veritable “lioness,” what wonder that the tender plant was early broken. He soon learned to despise his native shores; they had nothing endearing to him. The severe criticisms with which his first productions met, the coolness of his reception in the House of Lords, galled him. He leaves England, to forget with it his grievances. It might have been well with him had he now forgotten his youthful experiences. From bad he turned to worse. Abroad he lived the life of a libertine, adding another remorse to his already despairing heart. He returned to England after two years' roaming “without a hope, and almost without a desire.”

Byron's pride was never broken nor his ambition filled. Soon after his return to England he had reason to note in his memorandum, “I awoke

one morning and found myself famous." This was the brightest part of his life. His oratorical attempts were praised and the first two cantos of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" had been hailed with universal applause. Again his reckless, libidinous spirit led him astray. Now society withdrew from him, his own friends declared against him, and again Byron leaves his native shores, never to return. His spirit was broken and he wrote,

"My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear,
And all my solace is to know
Whate'er betide I've known the worst."

He died self-exiled by pride and licentiousness.

Byron's life like that of Goethe was a continual seeking for pleasures. Pleasures, however, sinful, as they were, left poisonous dregs in Byron's heart.

"With pleasures drugged I almost longed for woe," he says of himself. Goethe is the frivolous libertine, he enjoys his "glass and lass" but he has still enough force of will to perform his work at leisure. Byron must write by impulse, without any effort on his part, as in a dream. "His heart was too full and it flooded forth good and evil impetuously at the least shock."

Despite this impetuosity Byron was a poet, a poet of a strange mould. His works are shaped after his own life. He is himself Childe Harold, he is Manfred, he is the Corsair. Whenever he puts on the mask it chafes him and soon he throws it off, as in Childe Harold, and it is better. Now he

speaks more plainly, we know his voice and are not deceived. His words come from the deepest recesses of his soul, and express its most hidden passions. They spring from his heart and make you feel its impulses. He was predisposed to poetry but natural barriers limited him to a single kind of poetry.

Despair was uppermost in the heart of Byron, what wonder then that it gushed forth freely and flowed into all his works. Lord Macaulay justly remarks, "Never had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair." This passion is predominant but his heart is open also to the beautiful, the sublime, and the picturesque in nature, as is well proved in his "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage."

Of all the works of Byron this one deserves our most unstinted praise; it is undeniably his master-work. Though only a description of his travels on the continent, it so closely delineates the scenes that it at once proves the master. Despite his avowal that Childe Harold was merely a fictitious personage, the author's life and that of his hero coincided too well to make a mistake. It was plain the author was also the hero. Byron could not write otherwise, he was too full of self to trace a merely imaginary character. The descriptions were so detailed that it was apparent the author had lived in them all. None could better describe them. He himself had enjoyed the beauties, he had been the subject of the trials, he had suffered and despaired; he also can best make known the pangs and joys.

The mask which Byron pretends to wear does not hide his features, he throws it off and takes up the strain in his own name. In the third canto which begins with Byron's second leaving of England he is openly speaking of himself.

"I have thought

Too long and darkly, till my brain became
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame;
And thus, untaught in youth, my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poisoned! 'Tis too late!"

This is Harold of the first two cantos, then appears Byron in his own language,

"Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again
With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom;
The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
That all was over on this side the tomb
Had made despair a smilingness assume."

Byron loves solitude as much as he hates society. Like Carlyle he scorns his race. There is a great likeness between these two minds. Both are borne away by passion, both are great in their own spheres. Byron, however, scorned society because it had expelled him, Carlyle degrades men to brutes for want of taste and for love of boisterous wrangling. Byron had learned to shun the intercourse of his country-men through his own peevishness, and now he dwells amid the caves and rocks against which the ocean furiously dashes its waves. He would seek companionship with wild beasts rather than with men. The tempest, heaven's thunder delight him,

"Oh, night

And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong
Yet lovely in your strength."

They are the pictures that delight his despairing, "tempestuous and sombre, but magnificent soul" and, we may add, a poetical mind. There is genuine poetry in Byron's description of mountain sceneries, and can we too scorn him because he was drawn to them by other motives? "Spurning the clay-cold bonds" which hampered him he swung his flight to sublimer themes,

"Are not the mountains, waves, and skies a part
Of me and of my soul as I of them."

Unfortunately, however, Byron's love for these themes sprung from despair, and gloominess and poisonous dregs they leave the incautious reader.

Byron's heroes are all men face to face with the greatest anguish and danger. He himself, as his biographer tells us, remained unmoved in the greatest danger of shipwreck. Like his characters he courted death; they are men

"Dreaming themselves predestined to a doom
Which is not of the pangs that pass away;
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom."

We see them writhing in despair as Satan in the fiery pool. Like an avalanche it tears him along to inevitable ruin. All his characters are brothers, all having "arrived by different roads at the same goal of despair."

Don Juan is another brother of Childe Harold, only more dissolute and libidinous. All the discordant elements of the author's life find expression in it. Still more, his immorality is scarcely hidden. Byron had once written,

"But one sad losel soils a name for aye
However mighty in the olden time."

If he had but remembered these his own words he might have left *Don Juan* unwritten. It is the darkest blot on Byron's fame. If *Childe Harold* aptly compares with the ocean, at times undulating, heaving, and groaning, at times restfully glassing the sun; then frightful in the storm, or peaceful at night, reflecting a thousand stars; *Don Juan* is like the swollen stream. It is a torrent and the waters are muddy; you dare not taste them; and there are whirlpools and rapids, you dare not launch your boat on the maddened stream. Some critics would have us believe this, Byron's master-piece. It may be the truest picture of his soul and the most faithful reflection of his life, but it is not the greatest work of his genius.

Byron is confined to a single kind of poetry, but he is king in this little realm. He expresses but one passion, but that beyond compare. All his works, all his heroes and characters bear the same stamp. *Manfred*, *The Giaour*, *The Corsair*, are but despairing, raging libertines. The emotions which Byron excelled in expressing are scorn, hate, revenge, pride, and misanthropy. They are the fruits of his own reaping, as he says himself,

"The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed.
I should have known what fruit would spring from
such a seed."

He should have known, but now he imagines it is too late and he moans,

"Since my young days of passion,—joy or pain
Perchance my heart or harp have lost a string."

Byron possessed not a dramatic genius, for

the principal reason that he is not a master of variety, and cannot divest himself of self. His characters are strange combinations of good and evil, not in keeping with nature. When Manfred at the end of his sinful career mutters,

“Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die”,
we feel it should be otherwise. The Abbot hits near our own emotion when he says,

“He's gone—his soul hath ta'en its earthless flight—
Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone.”

It is to be regretted that scarcely any moral benefit can be derived from Byron's numerous works. He is always gloomy with the gloominess of despair, leaving a dreadful darkness in the reader. He shakes our confidence and love for virtue and palliates crime. With all his faults, however, his mind is great, changeful as the ocean waves, at times calm, then boisterous, always treacherous. He possesses the true poetic fire, but it becomes with him a destructive conflagration. Though as poet we cannot but enumerate him among the first, the tendencies and effects of his poetry must be stigmatized as the worst. He says it himself,

“The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier.”

PIUS A. KANNEY, '00.

THOUGHTS THE STARRY SKY SUGGESTED.

A charming summer eve. The mellow light
Of countless silver speaks; the trembling ray
Of golden gems that grace the goddess Night,
Whose splendors rival e'en the brightest day.

A sacred calm, a universal rest:
The silent earth is sanctified and blessed.

I cast aside my ancient dog-eared tome
Of classic lore; I spurn the books that tell
Of stars that dazzled Egypt, Athens, Rome:
I fly my studio, my narrow cell:
Enjoy the ev'ning breezes, soft and cool,
Attend Dame Nature's wisdom teaching school.

I seek the bower, my most cherished nook,
Beside the grassy bank of Silver Stream,
(I call it Minnehaha, laughing brook;)
Where oft in reverie I dream a dream,
Or watch the playful little ripples lave
My foot, or eye the splashing, foaming wave.

Tonight my fancy rambles far and wide:
I think of friends so far and yet so near,
And most of one I love so well,—he died—
Of others dead to me, yet always dear;
And then of home, of boyish pranks and toys,
And last of college days—their odds and joys.

But soon the lustre of the nightly sky
Invites my restless, rambling thoughts to roam
Those boundless fields above of azure dye,
Bestrewn with golden specks—a gorgeous dome;
Those argent fields whose never-fading bright
Effulgence floods my soul with keen delight.

My soul is rapt in thoughts, the most sublime!
To view the myriad tiny worlds of flame
That circle in their measured planes since time
Was made with them! To think they all proclaim
To every soul: There is a God above,
Acknowledge Him, believe adore, and love!

To think that ev'ry fiery, dazzling spark
Is made for man, for him that walks astray,
To guide his erring foot, dispel the dark,
To cheer his gloomy path, illumine his way,
Or send a soothing ray into his heart,
Dispel a silent woe or secret smart!

Or are they made to joy the little child
That stretches forth its plump, caressing hand,
(Ah, for the days that infancy beguiled!)
To pluck them down from yonder fairy land?
Or for the dying man to beckon him
To come to them when earthly light grows dim?

Or did the Lord create them to preserve
The balance of one tiny little grain
Of dust—our earth—that it might never swerve
An inch, a hair from its elliptic plane?
To serve our wretched earth when every one
Of yonder myriads is a dazzling sun?

Whence are those twinkling stars of silver hue?
They are the tears the angels wept when man
Committed sin,—if fairy tales be true—
When creatures crossed their God's eternal plan.
Or formed of tears some Aeon wept in grief,
As is the heathen sages' quaint belief?

Are all those orbs of crystal, silver, gold
But cheerless worlds, the homes of Night and Death,
While charming us, themselves but dead and cold,

Uncheery, void of every living breath?
Or are they pleasure grounds where angels play
And little children's souls that fled away?

Or are those worlds that baffle human ken
Abodes of men, creation's chosen priests?
Of beings such as walk the earth, of men
That seem like gods at times, at times like beasts?
Of men that like ourselves can love and hate
And thereby shape their own eternal fate?

Momentous thoughts! And yet, how sweet to think!
Alas! to think is not to know; the mind
Of mortal man—obscured by sin—must shrink
From thoughts like these—it's dull and weak and blind.
We can do naught but humbly bow before
The works of God, to marvel and adore.

But this I know—a most consoling thought!
Beyond the million fiery worlds that roll
Through yon unmeasured space with wonders fraught,
There is a glorious home for every soul—
For you and me and all that here fulfil
Their Maker's law and work His holy will.

A home, compared with which the grand array
Of million star-lit skies is like the night
At new moon placed aside the summer day
When rose and lily bask in floods of light.
A land of light and love and lasting youth,
Of unity, perfection, beauty, truth!

These thoughts I thought till night was partly fled;
My fancy rambled still, my eye-lids fell;
I made the arbor near the stream my bed
And slept, and dreamed of one I love so well.
And all around me calm and perfect rest,
The silent earth is sanctified and blessed.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON

HISTORY perpetuates the actions and accomplishments of all ages and nations; biography represents individual characters, how they in their own little world worked out their destinies. A noble life is a hero's best part. The more marked his individuality, the more brilliant and pleasing are the descriptions of his glories enjoyed and sorrows endured.

The singularity of Johnson's life has become almost proverbial. The character of his biographer was highly eccentric; and his talents were hardly of the ordinary; yet James Boswell has composed a work that will live as long as Johnson's bright star will shine in the galaxy of British authors.

It has been said, and not unjustly, that Boswell blundered into success. A careful perusal of his works will confirm the assertion. To this Boswell's own life and character give undeniable testimony. What were his faults and merits? His ambition ascended Himalayan heights, but his talents rested on the low summits of his native country's Highlands. His predominant and most inexcusable passion was a self-conceited vanity to be in the company of the world's illustrious men. How often does he not censure poor Goldsmith on account of this fault, at the same time forgetting that he himself is the more guilty. He crouched at the feet of the famous to be ridiculed or scorned.

This was but little to him, if they would only suffer his presence patiently. He was never undaunted. He would have travelled to the end of the world to make the acquaintance of such a bigoted atheist as Tom Payne, because men spoke much of him. His own social ignorance he considered wit. When Boswell received the severest reprimands and the most open scoffing he gloried in his pretended ability to associate with the extraordinary men of his age. Call it stupidity, foolishness, arrogance, or what you may, but Boswell, the preacher of etiquette and patron of family gentility, was too simple and narrow-minded to know or even to perceive, when by his flattering talk he became unbearably offensive to the society in which he moved. His uncommonly retentive memory, which enabled him to note down the conversations and sayings of others, gives the sweet flavor to his highly appreciated work. His other writings, in which he relies on his own resources, are dull and dreary.

Who would not place Homer on the throne in the realms of epic? Who would not give Shakespeare the richest diadem for the dramatic work? Who would not call Herodotus and Tacitus the unrivaled historians of all ages? In like manner will Boswell, with all his shortcomings, remain forever the leader of biographers, ancient and modern. Many great men have written biographies. The dearest idol of his heart wrote biographies, but Boswell, the dwarf, has surpassed them all; from his pedestal, ages will not dislodge him. It is, however, more the subject than the pencil strokes

of the author that has made the work immortal.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is, indeed, a unique production. In all literature an author's fame and the success of his writings run parallel. To this established rule Boswell and his work are an exception. It has already passed through many editions; but no reader, though he is captivated by the biography, has a kind word for its author. The book enjoys fame, whereas the author lives in dull notoriety.

The chronological plan of the work is a most excellent one. The reader follows the literary dictator through all his proceedings, year by year, as that great mind accomplished them a century ago. In the first part of the work, however, there is a certain void. This circumstance will excuse. Johnson was already fifty four years old when Boswell was introduced to him. During that period Johnson had acquired his world-wide knowledge, moulded his character, and created his lasting fame. He had given to the public his "*Life of Savage*," "*Rambler*," many essays and poems; in seven short years he had composed and published his dictionary, a book sufficiently laborious to entail the life time of any one man. Those are Johnson's great works. These years of activity are crowded into the space of 216 short pages, whereas the last twenty one remaining years, spent in comparative ease, occupy the 950 pages. We learn to know Johnson in his old age, even to the most insignificant details, better than we know any of our contemporary writers; but his early life in which he fought his Herculean battles a-

gainst poverty and the ill-will of the literary world will forever remain an impenetrable mystery.

Considering Boswell's own statement, "I have sometimes been obliged to run half over London, in order to fix a date correctly," his candor, diligence, and veracity cannot be impeached. He spared no pains in searching for authentic details of his idol's youthful days and early manhood. Boswell cannot be blamed that so little is recorded of those first days. As far as Johnson's life extended into Boswell's the biographer was most successful.

Johnson, though always reserved in praising literary productions, would most certainly have lauded a work like this. It was written as in his opinion a biography should be written. "It (biography) is rarely well executed. They only who live with a man can write his life with any genuine exactness and discrimination."

Boswell's book will endure. It is a noble work, though in places it is uninteresting, dull and wearisome. Wit, its stronghold, seems to have forsaken the writer at times. These are Boswell's presumptive passages, where he permits the pride of his own glory and reputation to get the better of his common sense. While the reader wishes to become acquainted with Johnson's life he is too often hampered by trivial and secondary facts that sound more like Boswell's autobiography, had it ever been written,

These, in short, are a few impressions made on the reader by perusing the pages of this char-

acteristic work. The reading public has generously accepted the biography with all its faults and merits, overlooking its defects and praising its beauties. As long as literature exists the biographer and his hero will not die to the public.

T. F. KRAMER, '01.

PRIMA LUCE.

When the morning-sun with friendly mien
Peeps o'er the mountains rich with gold,
When gems on ev'ry twig are seen,
My thoughts must fly to paradise.
In all the places we behold
Devotion and untainted glee.
The busy world so foolish—wise
No meaning in the splendor finds
Thou pourest, sun, o'er stream and sea.
The richly colored flood of rays
Is poetry to thoughtful minds.—
O beautifully blended hue,
Wherein the day with softened blaze
Awakes to radiant, golden light,
You picture rising youth most true.

Your glow, o twilight rays, is mild,
Impending night o'ershadows you.
The morning's blush is fiery, wild;
With youthful vigor, deeper glow
It flashes o'er the vaulted blue.
This beautiful dye of glowing red,
Whence prospect, peace, and courage flow,
A golden bridge, a flaming link,
Connects dark night, the land of dread,
With joyful, smiling day. But oft
Dark, threatening masses rise and sink

And from our view this glory hide.
But as the sun ascends aloft
It tears the veil and brighter shines
The monarch's splendor on the earth.
How cheerfully our life doth smile
'Midst dangers threat'ning us to blight,
Of childhood days, the harmless joys.
But life grows earnest. To beguile
The fleeting hour is not its aim.
'Midst scorching heat and battle-noise,
To set a mark, though e'er so small,
To reach that goal from whence he came,
Man courses towards the eternal shore.
And mildly, ere dark night doth fall
With sable pinions on the day,
A friendly twilight gilds once more
The ev'ning sky serene and clear,
And silently it dies away.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00.

OUR LAST EXPERIENCES.

THE radiant glow had already disappeared from the western horizon, where fiery Phoebus descended into Neptune's mystic realms. Amid clouds with silver fringed there arose in the east a humbler satellite, coursing in majestic array towards the zenith. The sparkling sapphires of the azure vault vanished in the orb of her superior brightness, while basking in her tender light, the earth lay in serene quietness. The sacred stillness that reigned without was not disturbed by any unhallowed noise within. There, by the dim light of the lamp, Roderick musingly reclined in his comfortable rattan, sending in rapid succes-

sion white curls of smoke from his fragrant Havana. Though all the domestics and, judging from the quietness without, all the inhabitants of the village rested securely in Morpheus' gentle embrace, Roderick was still buried in reminiscences of whose nature one could judge from the various expressions of his countenance. Now his lofty forehead would contract and those beautifully arched brows slowly sink, while the simultaneous rising of the brilliant orbs they shielded would present a threatening mien; then his face would again brighten, pleasant smiles flitting over it like light and shade, alternately passing over the waving crops. At last he seemed to have arrived at some fixed conclusion. Determinately he drew his chair closer to the table, took the pen and, his left hand deeply buried in his abundant sable locks, wrote to some distant friend:

“Our Last Experiences.”

With an instinctive horror at unfaithfulness and fearing, lest the incidents I am about to relate should prove less interesting to the reader, I shall use the utmost care to reproduce in substance what now, under the influence of fervent thought and the glow of emotion, crystallized under Roderick's pen.

“I am full, brimfull of news for you this time, my dear old chum, and I cannot understand how I could leave you waiting so long, since, in the bewildering maze of material that presents itself, and after you have repeatedly entreated me to write, I am at a loss where to begin. Did not my address somewhat surprise you? I am again se-

curely lodged under the parental roof. Emilius is with his parents also. *How* we were transported home so suddenly is no mystery—it was the flyer at 5 A. M., southbound, that carried us hither, just two weeks from today; but the *why* necessarily needs further explanation.” Thus Roderick continued his letter, gradually winding into his story.

At an unusual hour of the night when the din of the populous city was already completely hushed, all the inhabitants having yielded to nature’s imperial summons, two young men were strolling rapidly along the broad sidewalk. Their extraordinary haste and frequent looking back led one to surmise as though they were fleeing from some one in close pursuit. A fragmentary conversation was carried on between them, interrupted by repeated outbursts of laughter. It would have been an interesting and amusing spectacle for any person to observe the two, Roderick especially, who at times stood still and simply gave way to his violent emotions, but his companion Emilius always coaxed him to hurry on. “The fierce grizzly bear might be after us.” “Don’t fear,” replied Roderick, “we have him securely caged.” “But,” asked Emilius, “did he not hurt you at all?” “He would have, had your timely descent not put an inseparable barrier between us.” “By Jove! it was a narrow escape.” “But capital fun after all,” interposed Roderick. “And what if the old clodpate reports again?” asked Emilius. “Then this is our last night under Morland’s roof, but don’t worry about this, three weeks hence our

apprenticeship will be completed, and a good certificate is as much as secured." With these words apprehensions of sad consequences, that might follow, disappeared and the ludicrous side of their nocturnal adventure again loomed up so vividly that both laughed until the tears glistened in their eyes. But having by this time approached within a few yards of their principal's house, fear of detection cautioned them to restraint. "'T was simply bad luck," whispered Roderick, as they disappeared in the spacious gallery leading to their private apartments.

But I can no longer keep the reader in ignorance of the two individuals whom we have thus far accompanied, and of the incidents which, no doubt, gave rise to the conversation carried on between them.

Roderick and Emilius became the heroes of a little story, based upon some events that occurred towards the close of the third year of their apprenticeship. In one of the cities beautifully situated on the banks of the Rhine, flourishes this day yet the establishment of the wealthy cabinet-maker Morland. In spring of 1890, Roderick was apprenticed to this accomplished master, an agreement having been signed by his parents to pay one hundred dollars annually, and that after three years his term of apprenticeship should be completed. One month later, another applicant, Emilius, sought admission at Morland's and was received on conditions similar to those of Roderick.

The two young men were at first kept at a

distance, an inexplicable restraint resulting from a difference in nationality (at least in the limited sense in which this term applies on the continent) preventing closer intimacy. However, a certain communicativeness on the one hand, and tender accessibility on the other, soon broke the barriers of selfishness and indifference. Emilius, of the phlegmatic Bavarian type, felt himself irresistibly drawn to Roderick, the quick, jovial, and sprightly lad of Switzerland, whose cradle songs were the joyous notes of the shepherd horn and the lowings of herds mingled with the roar of the thundering glacier. But Roderick discovered many pleasing characteristics in his apparently dull, yet extremely goodnatured partner from the Danube. Apart from their principal's occasional reprimands, which carelessness or loose conduct at times deservedly drew upon them, they were, in general, treated very respectfully and highly favored by him in just acknowledgment of fidelity, diligence, and comprehensiveness. Without mentioning further traits, that were active in the assimilation of their character, I shall at once proceed to the incidents that led to the abrupt dismissal of both.

That the reader may better comprehend the situation later on, a few preliminaries, acting as immediate causes of the final event, must yet be touched upon.

Emilius and Roderick had for a long time awaited an opportunity to vent their deeply rooted grudge on a certain peasant living on the outskirts of the city. This peasant, Waller was his

name, had reported the two apprentices as the leading accomplices among a crowd of young business men making incursions upon his orchard, which lay a little distance from the road that leads to a park at the western extremity of the city. Though not altogether innocent, they could not boast of having been the ringleaders in the raid. But be this as it may, Waller's accusation was made with such conviction and persistency that Morland (the culprits not being present to defend their cause) believed them guilty and reproached them severely. The goodnatured Bavarian was very little affected, for the luscious fruit he had tasted in the orchard gave him such supreme satisfaction, and the very remembrance of it brought back such a delicious sensation on his palate that the scathing reprehension of Morland fell on the barest rock. Roderick, on the contrary, was stung to the quick, for the merciless rebuke of his principal, who was universally respected as a thorough business man, a noble character of tried honesty and integrity, smarted like burning coal in his sensitive nature. Many a telling epithet was hurled at the accuser who, if present, might have become the object of more striking demonstrations.

Time soothed the itching sore and after a few days Emilius had forgotten what had passed. Roderick's resentment seemed to have abated also, when it was suddenly roused again to a higher pitch than ever. He received a letter from home. Joyfully anticipating the happy news he opened it, but imagine his surprise when, instead of the

loving parental talk, it contained a veritable sermon, full of such poignant reproof that Roderick felt ashamed, humbled to the dust, and exasperated all the more. Only a day intervened and Emilius received news from home of about the the same import. The enraged Waller was therefore not satisfied with reporting the supposed ringleaders to their master, he notified their parents also. The thought that his dear ones were thus misinformed as to his conduct turned the lamb's nature of Emilius into the lion's fierceness. With the open letter in his hands he rushed into Roderick's apartment and, heaving with excitement, more shouted than spoke: "Donnerw—trrr! read this letter, that d—Waller squ"—"Slandered us," Roderick interrupted, but you are not the only one that received such a thunder and lightning epistle;" and he produced his own letter. "But I assure you," said Emilius, "if we are to be frightened by the thunder, Waller will have to experience the effects of the shower." He shook his clinched fists, his eyes stared menacingly, and a deep red flitted over his face. No doubt, there lurked within a firm determination to take revenge.

Roderick saw at once that the opportunity to move Emilius to action had come, for it was only on occasions like the present that his friend could be induced to hazard his person in the perpetration of some trick. Emilius would sooner see others run the risk and observe the outcome beyond the range of fire. But now he was determined and Roderick dared not hesitate to unfold

his plans, for with him it was a settled fact from the beginning that Waller should not escape unhurt. "Do you know," said he to Emilius, "that Waller is so fond of pigeons?" "By Jove!" replied the latter, "I am going to kill every last one he has." This was taking the word from Roderick's mouth. "Will you be in it?" (to make sure of his aid). "Of course I will, the sooner the better." "Let's do it tonight and—" Further conversation was interrupted by a call from Morland. "Well," enjoined Roderick, "be ready at 9 o'clock, the rest we'll talk over going out." Then both followed the principal to the comptoir.

A little after 9 o'clock, that same evening, our heroes were out on Kaiser St. towards Linden Park, about two miles from their destination. Walking briskly they were engaged to such an extent in an undertone conversation as scarcely to heed the occasional greetings of their friends as they passed them. Roderick had given all possible directions, not omitting to provide for means of escape in case of emergency. To Emilius he entrusted the killing (this of course had to be done in a manner so as not to leave traces of violence). He would do the reconnoitering first, then stand guard to inform his accomplice of approaching danger. Above all did he enjoin utmost quietness in the proceedings and commanded Emilius not to stir as long as his presence remained undiscovered. "Do your work quietly, then return with the greatest possible caution; be careful not to miss the ladder." With these words, Roderick departed to explore the scene

of action. This last advice gave Emilius the goose-flesh. To miss the ladder and expose himself to a breakneck risk was a phase of the undertaking he had not thus far considered. His vaunted courage had shrunk to a low degree, for the thought of murdering those innocent creatures now horrified him, and it was but the firm determination of extinguishing with each little innocent life part of guilty Waller's himself that sustained his resolution. But what, if caught in the fangs of the old grizzly bear! Waller had the strenght of a bull, and his ferocity had made more than one enemy quake. Thoughts of such a nature infested Emilius' mind and caused drops of cold perspiration to trickle from his brows. Well that Roderick returned at this moment, to insure him that all was safe, else those terrible forbodings might have induced him to take to his heels. Had it not been for Roderick's acquaintance (from previous adventures) with every nook and corner in Waller's house, the proposed feat could not have been executed. Emilius, of course, had also been thoroughly instructed and, having received a few more necessary directions, went to his work, while Roderick assumed his post as guard.

The dove-cote was a large rectangular box fastened to the wall of the barn about fifteen feet from the floor below. Entrance could be gained only from the inside and there with great difficulty. With the assistance of Roderick, Emilius forced the upper part of his body through the narrow opening, but, a rather spacious receptacle for the Bavarian lager-b—naturally increasing his

circumference towards the center, further progress seemed impossible; however, a violent effort from within and effective pressure from without at last succeeded in surmounting the difficulty. The pigeons thus frightened from their roosts showed not the least sign of friendliness towards the savage intruder, and fluttered wildly about in order to escape his murderous grasp. The cruel task began and one harmless victim after another fell. On a sudden, Emilius heard something like the approach of heavy footsteps—the ladder fell to the floor—a rustling in the hay—and all was again silent. Roderick had heard a similar noise upon the floor. To avoid suspicion, he quickly removed the ladder to its proper place when it fell with a clattering sound, and he hid himself under a heap of hay. The dead silence not being disturbed for a considerable time, Roderick thought it was only a deception of his imagination, but, no sooner did he stir to reassume his post than a man rushed into the barn and the stentorian voice that shouted: "Who is here!" was no other but Waller's. When Emilius heard this, a thrill of horror shook his frame. Roderick did not respond, noticing, however, that Waller investigated the hay with the fork, he realized the danger and came to the surface. What rendered the situation worse, Waller lit a candle to see whom he had before him, and although Roderick succeeded in knocking the light out of his hand, he could not escape recognition. "Roderick," shouted the enraged peasant, and struck at him with his fork, but the blow was easily evaded,

and now began a fierce chase in the dark; Roderick throwing implements and anything he could lay hand on to all sides, so as to keep his pursuer in the uncertain as to his whereabouts. Considering, however, that they might eventually come into contact he thought of gaining an exit and draw the enemy after him, thus giving Emilius chance to escape. Once outside, his person would be safe. Affairs, however, took a different course. Finding the fork insufficient to launch his blows, the infuriated Waller seized one of the supports of the dove-cote and tore it loose to begin more effective warfare, when—crash!—down came the cote with assassin, and all straight on Waller's head and struck him to the floor. How Emilius came to the surface uninjured remains a mystery to this day. Half unconscious with terror, severely shocked by the rapid descent, his eyes blinded with dust, his body bathed in cold perspiration, he felt himself dragged to the outside by his friend Roderick. Only after the chill night air had recalled him to full consciousness of the situation did Emilius feel that he was in safety. Without investigating what had become of the unfortunate Waller, from whose roars and bellowing one could hear that he did not totally acquiesce in his novel situation, our heroes hastened homeward, dropping such bits of conversation as the reader has already been made acquainted with at the beginning.

L. RAPP, '00.

QUEEN OF MAY.

An humble child, to her to pray,
Kneels at the Virgin's feet;
It brought a beautiful bouquet:
Its tender heart oppressed but meet
Says, "Ave, Queen of May!

All praise to thee, my mother pure,
Of lilies purest, rarest;
The poisoned fruits of sin allure,
But with thy help, O virgin fairest,
I will the strife endure."

It decked the shrine with flowers; a tear
Stood on its rosy cheek.
Why weep when free from wiles and fear?
The kindly helper of the weak
And sinners is so near.

Ah, let it weep, the little heart
Though innocent has fears,
For ev'ry little sorrow's dart
Doth wound it deep. The child of tears
Not unconsolated will part.

Nor unconsolated must part; alone
It told its joy and gladness.
Will she who hears the sinner's groan
Not list and calm the children's sadness,
The lips' yet unstained moan?

Ah yes, she hears the innocent pray;
An humbler child departs,
Its tears will grow to flowers gay;
For little children's little hearts,
They love the Queen of May.

P. A. KANNEY, '00.

VICTORY.

Arise, my son! the task is done!
Though fierce the strife, if thou hast won
 Arise and say: "Dear God, who deigned
 To aid this weapon's strength, You gained
My victory." How calm and still
My soul reposed in God's own will.
 The heart throbbed low, had peace as guest,
 To soothe a torn and bleeding breast.
The spirit pleads where nature fails,
But duty's call to rest prevails.
 As mellow beams illumine the west
 So love's pure flame burns through my breast.
But germs of passion lurk along
The path of sin. My soul, be strong!
 A bridled passion's keenest pain
 Subsides like waves on the wat'ry plain.
Contentment is this vict'ry's crown,
A child of hope, souls' true renown.

C. N. FAIST, '00.

IN THE WORKSHOP OF NATURE.

NOWHERE in the realm of geological procedures, the phenomena of our earth's crust are more clearly, more strikingly, and, at the same time, more interestingly exhibited, than in the stratification of rock. It is most intimately involved in the *probable* history of our earth and embraces nearly the whole reasoning—nay, the very basis of geological researches.

Formerly, opinions regards its mode of forma-

tion varied; at present, however, it is unanimously admitted that it is solely due to natural agencies. In defence of this statement, we appeal both to the accomplished work formed in the earth's crust, and to that *still* in process on its surface. Finding the essential characteristics of both alike, the uniformity of the laws of nature and the principal—the “present is a key to the past” entitle us to postulate: the former was produced in prehistoric times by the same causes that now construct the latter.

On examining a Conglomerate, for instance, sandstone, we see the constituents thereof sorted symmetrically in layers. Moreover we find these layers differ in thickness and color; in fine, their construction presents to us an aspect similar to that we commonly meet with in borings of ground.

As these features can hardly escape our notice, we naturally ask ourselves, how were they produced? To answer it satisfactorily, we must needs invade the field of rocks *still* in nature's laboratory.

Here our attention is first drawn to the cosmical agents employed in the perennial, incessant “wear and tear” of the earth's surface; viz. ocean, frost, rivers, and glaciers. The vast demolition of our coast, a prodigy to which, geologically speaking, we cannot be indifferent, is principally owing to the ocean's destroying power. However strongly the coasts be fortified, be it even with the most solid rocks, such as, gneis, granite, porphyry, etc, they cannot brave the colossal breakers, father ocean constantly hurls at them. The material thus

loosened falls over steep precipices to become a prey to roaring waves. These waves, however, likewise not idle, grasp the fragments of battered rocks and fling them against jutting cliffs, till shattered, they too find their grave in turbulent waters. Adding to this excessive destroying and filching of land, that of frost, whose expansive power bursts the most massive boulders, together with that of rivers and glaciers, which unceasingly grind and furrow the floors of mountains and valleys and hurry them to the raging sea, we are led to believe the words of geologists, saying: "Were there no check to this universal tendency of land destroying, our earth in course of time would become the ocean's foot-stool."

Whilst this would be the inevitable result, Providence ordained it otherwise. Nothing of the material, hourly dragged from cliffs and plains into the sea, is lost. It merely changes its form, without losing any properties, which are those of pebbles, gravel, mud, etc.

On following up the further process of these pebbles, gravel, sand, or mud, we learn that by the law of gravity they cannot always suspend in the water, but tend to fall to the bottom. It is true, we cannot descend to the bottom of the fathomless ocean, there to witness the mode of stratification. Yet, this matters little, since the same process is daily going on in lakes on a miniature scale. As both differ not in *kind* but in *degree*, the law of analogy will easily bridge over from the shallow shore of lakes to the profound ocean-bottom. The various materials, though

equally acted upon by gravity, will fall successively, the heavier ones first, then the lighter ones which are greatly impeded by the water; and sort themselves symmetrically in "strata." Thus we detect three kinds of layers, that of pebbles and coarse gravel, near the shore, further out that of fine gravel and sand, and lastly that of impalpable sand and mud.

Let us now turn back and inquire whether we can reasonably explain the "strata" which mark a Conglomerate. We have found by chemical analysis the finished work, i. e. common rock to be constituted of pebbles, gravel, sand, or mud arranged into layers, and here in the unfinished work we discover the same constituents, and the same order. Hence uniformity of nature's laws together with the principle: The present is the key to the past, justify us to maintain that the same agencies which effected the latter, likewise produced the former.

We have now two of the three essentials which characterize a common Conglomerate; viz. the material together with its arrangement into layers. To complete the rock we need yet the third essential—consolidation. Here again, as with stratification, the process being far removed from our eyes we must enter the workshop of nature, where similar work is performed on a smaller scale. Thus, for instance, we discover at the shores of ponds mud or clay, sediments hardened into a substance analogous to shale; again, near wells, heavily charged with lime, we frequently find hard lime shells. The former, as we know,

was consolidated by pressure, the latter by combining with a chemical substance of the air.

Similarly the sediments at the sea-bottom are solidified. The heavy debris of the upper debris cannot fail to compress the lower to such an extent that complete consolidation takes place. Whilst this process is not uncommon, it is very slow and could scarcely account for the consolidation of vast sediments. Hence, we must search for a second mode of solidification. Chemists tell us that water is more or less impregnated with lime, iron, and silica. Moreover, they found that water being versaturated disengages and drops part of lime, iron, and silica. The constituents of rocks are compacted by some mineral cement, as solutions of lime, iron, or silica, and have similar constituents lying loose within the reach of the same solutions, we can rightly conclude that the combination actually takes place, i. e., the lime, iron, or silica, in solution will filter through the loose material, filling up their interstices and unite them into a mommon mass—rock.

Remarkable and suggestive as it is, such a study lends us but another proof of the grandeur, vastness, and uniformity with which Divine Providence sanctions all things, both for His own honor and glory and for the good of His creatures.

C. MOHR, '01.



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EDITORIALS.

The German play, Absalom, rendered on Tuesday after Easter, reached an unprecedented excellence, though fortune was quite adverse to us that evening. Beautiful scenery, novel cases, exciting situations, and pure art were nicely combined in this biblical drama. It was a pleasing

variety. We take this opportunity to thank our numerous and attentive audience and hope to render it with more success at the close of school. If the play, when broken up and incomplete by accident, pleased the spectators so greatly it is, indeed, worthy to be repeated. The favorable criticisms guarantee a favorable reproduction.

The beautiful month of May, the most delightful and charming season of the year, has dispelled the mist of winter's gloom and drowsiness, and infuses brightness and serenity into our minds, that the inner world may harmonize with joy and jollity abroad. Nothing is more pleasant, and nothing more wholesome for mind and body than to abandon ourselves entirely to nature. It is the noblest enjoyment, and, indeed, that man is to be pitied who does not delight in the beauties of free nature. "Love of company," says Spalding, "is the main obstacle to improvement," but in nature's school, by secret self-education, the noblest minds are formed. The crack of the bat or shouts from lawn-tennis grounds often divert our thoughts from earnest study; yet, the mind is not fatigued by sport and merriment. But first of all let us wind a fragrant wreath of spring's early flowers, to decorate the shrine of our Lady, the Queen of May.

Bishop Spalding wisely said that "but few poems repay an earnest study." Most readers, I presume, have not noticed this suggestion, or if they did, have not reconsidered it, as to make it

their own rule. It is interesting to observe the selection of authors made by our Columbian Reading Circle. The majority, by busying themselves with authors of real literary standard, are drifting to a better aim than in former years. But the dog-eared novel finds always yet a goodly number of patrons, who will rather be guided by nature's call than follow the demands of the intellect. It is better far to discard the flimsy imaginations that appeal to sympathetic nature than not to utilize the solid, fruit-bearing thoughts of literature, though they may not suit the bent of mind at their first reading.

Novels are good in their way, but what is the entire host of novels against Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Wordsworth, and I would add yet, Carlyle? These authors, excepting Carlyle, can never be studied thoroughly enough, for their writings are so deep and many-sided that each thought generates a number of others, that each perusal opens up a wider field and a more beautiful world. The novel-reader allows himself to be fettered and dragged along at the writer's pleasure; whereas better literature leaves our mental faculties full freedom to deduce and formulate. This consideration made me accept for ever the sentence of Ruskin, that only "a book worth reading is worth buying."

Oratory, "the master-spirit of ancient Greece and Rome," perhaps never existed as perfectly as when it lived its first golden period under Demosthenes. As the inspirations of the poet or the

conceptions of the musician flow from sources beyond human reach, so true oratory is a gift equally rare, which nature bestows on but few of her favorites. "Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain." Oratory demands not brilliant composition or artful elaboration, as many tyros think, but vehemence, patriotism, and persuasiveness. The masters who had full control over it are fewer than those in any other art, and a Demosthenes, Cicero, Mirambeau, Burke, or a Chatham is not likely to rise even every century.

Eloquence is not like other arts that it must abide its effects. It is rewarded by immediate and loud appreciation. Sculptors and painters secure their fame by lasting monuments of admiration; great musical creations can be rendered repeatedly with even more perfection than the composer was capable of; poetry may be re-read and produce equal or heightened effects: but eloquence is short-lived, it falls with mighty influence on the mind and the whole system of man, and immediately it dies away, never to awake. Many, indeed, endeavor to create the echo, but none can ever approach the original, because similar circumstances do not affect the speaker and the general feeling of his audience. The orator breathes a soul into dead words, that leaves them for ever as the last vibrations cease to ring in the ear of his listeners.

The modern orator is confronted by many obstacles that were unknown to the classics of ancient time. Ingenuity, skill, and technicality, qualities superfluous even for Demosthenes, are necessary requisites at present for an effectful

speaker; and a huge body of laws confine him to so narrow limits that only a few take courage to battle with this multitude of disadvantages.

Besides, the great facility of communication makes the orator almost useless. The newspaper divulges all arguments, thoughts, and drift of a speaker to numerous thousands before the orator can address his comparatively small audience. But for all that, eloquence is not a lost art, though its flourishing state of ancient perfection may not return.

Extraordinary occasions for the orator to exert his influence are even more frequent. Our courts and senates and platforms are, indeed, a wide field for oratorical display. But above all, what was unknown in antiquity, oratory in church, will ever hold its grounds. Having this great end in view, the art of oratory should be well cultivated in schools as in colleges.

VITUS A. SCHUETTE, '00.

CARD OF THANKS

The Raleigh club wishes to acknowledge the receipt of cigars from Rev. Father Hugo, Father A. Gietl, and from our esteemed alumnus Th. McLaughlin. To these kind donators we extend our heartiest thanks and sincerest wishes.

THE RALEIGHITES.

EXCHANGES.

The April number of the *Dial* only confirms our high estimation of that journal. The "Song of Spring" is a musical piece of verse and the stories that grace its pages are inferior to none that reached our table during the month; we were especially pleased with the first, "A Sister of Charity." Its chief charm consists in the felicitous insertion of the many minor details which enliven the narrative. "A Literary Essential" is a well written essay, stating and illustrating briefly that time is the unerring judge of all literary productions and that a work of art, to merit that title, should be such "that it can be appreciated by all nations and for all times."—The editorial writer gives us a clear and incisive view of the Rev. Mr. Sheldon's famous Christian Daily. The venture has called forth much and strangely contradictory comment. We agree with the *Dial* in pronouncing it an utter failure, but we do disagree with those who question the gentleman's sincerity and denounce him as a renegade and blasphemer.

Not to speak disparagingly of any previous issue, we may justly say that the Easter number of the *Aloysian* eclipses all its former efforts. There is an air of ease and sprightliness about it that cannot but please the reader. This quality is best brought out in the articles entitled "To Woo the Muse", "A Moment of Humor" and the excellent exchange column of the *Aloysian*. The author of "Spring with the Poets" shows a re-

markable intimacy with poetry of nature. As spring with all its glory and splendor has again returned, we relish these choice bits of thought all the more. We greatly admire the patience of the teacher of that "Ancient History Class". The remaining essays are all deserving of equal praise.—

The April number of the *Viatorian* contains two well written reviews of Dryden and Pope. The "Latest Educational Fad" is the subject of a very severe editorial concerning "a government of the students, by the students, and for the students." The writer almost goes into hysterics over such idiocy. Well, kind brother, your view of the question is certainly the only correct one, but it is useless to try to stem the tide, those people will come to in the course of time. But now it is best to let them make the experiment, and the greater the failure is, the more effective the cure will then be.—

The *Tamarack* has always commanded our attention for its scholarly and interesting essays. In the April issue we find a number of brief but well executed sketches and although many of these are written by junior students, they fully sustain the *Tamarack's* record as one of the leading college journals. The sketch of the Filipino and the review of the "Porto Rican Tax" stand out prominently from the remaining contributions for their convincing logic and elegant diction. The writer of the "joke-columns" ought to seek employment on the staff of "Puc" or "Judge."

T. T. SAURER, '00.

SOCIETY NOTES.

C. L. S.— The Columbians met in regular session April 22nd. The principal business transacted was the election of officers, the result of which is the following: President, D. Neuschwan-ger; Vice-president, T. Kramer; Secretary, J. Mutch; Treasurer, P. Staiert; Critic, W. Arnold; Editor, P. Wahl; Marshal, C. Van Flandern; Executive Committee, E. Ley, E. Hefe- le, C. Mohr. A very delightful feature of this election were the several masterly nomination speeches. Let our future elections be conducted in the same manner.

The rendition of the play of "William Tell", having met with such universal success, and being witnessed by very few of the reverend clergy and lay friends of the college, the society decided to reproduce that play on the eve of commencement.

On Sunday, April 29th, the parliamentary law class completed its work for this scholastic year. To show their appreciation for the services rendered by the preceptor of the class, Mr. P. Kanney, a vote of thanks was tendered that gentleman.

A. L. S.— The newly elected officers of the Aloysian Literary Society are: President, W. Flaherty; Vice-president, H. Metz- dorf; Secretary, P. Hartman; Treasurer, A. Kamm; Editor, L. Dab- belt; Librarian, G. Arnold; Marshal, E. Lonsway; Executive Committee, R. Goebel, J. Buchman, C. Ellis.

The "Recognition", a drama in four acts, now being rehearsed, will be rendered May 13th. We hope that the young actors will meet with their usual success.

J. MUTCH, '02.

ATHLETICS.

With the arrival of spring and the fine weather it is natural that the mind of the students is filled with a desire for out-door sports. Accordingly, during the past month the different teams representing the various sports have organized. Of the many teams there is one which is a novelty at St. Joseph's, and which promises to outshine all the rest. This organization is the track team. Owing to the energy and extraordinary zeal of a few students this team was organized. At a meeting held recently, Mr. Edward Werling was elected manager. This team consists of seventeen members, the names of which are as follows: E. Werling, W. Arnold, E. Ley, J. Mutch, C. VanFlandern, P. Wahl, H. Horstman, P. Welsh, M. Donahu, G. Arnold, T. Sulzer, R. Goebel, A. McGill, C. Studer, P. Hartman, J. Buchman, and A. Hepp. While track athletics is somewhat of an innovation at St. Joseph's, still with the good material of which the team is composed, we may confidently expect to see some excellent records made. The members have been working hard of late at the various events, and improvement in their work is daily noticeable. The manager has adopted a rule

whereby the members of the team are obliged to run a half mile in the morning and evening of each day. In the near future a contest between the different members of the team will be held in various field sports, and if the members evince the same zeal from now on as they have in the past, the palm of victory will surely be theirs. The team will be neatly clad with suits and they will certainly make a fine appearance on field day.

BASEBALL.

S. A. C.—The St. Aquino Club has organized. Wm. Arnold has been elected Manager and Edmund Ley, Captain. The team can boast of good players and should, therefore, make a good showing this year. The team has been playing a series of games with the Victors, in order to get into good shape before opening the season with the St. Xavier Club. The old uniforms, which were procured a few years past, through the efforts of our predecessors, will be replaced by new ones. They have done good service and remind one of the exciting games between the former "Eagles" and "Star and Crescents."

S. X. C.—T. Kramer has been chosen Manager and P. Kanney, Captain of the St. Xavier Baseball Club. The members of the team have been practicing hard to get into good trim and they believe that it is their turn to win the year's Inter-Hall Championship. They are convinced that if hard work and determined will have anything to say in the matter, they will finish the season with the pennant waving over their hall. The Manager of the St. Xavier Club has made arrangements

with the Manager of the St. Aquino Club to play the opening game soon. The probable line-up of the opening game, and the men who have secured positions on the respective teams, are as follows:

St. Aquino Hall.		St. Xavier Hall.
Eder	catcher	Stolz
Ley	pitcher	Kramer
Arnold	1st base	Reineck
Welsh	2nd base	Bellerson
Horstman	3rd base	Schaefer
Van Flandern	short stop	Kanney
Theobald	l. field	Schneider
Wahl	c. field	Didier
Sulzer	r. field	Koenig

TENNIS CLUB.

This season promises to be the most successful one in the history of the Club. Tennis is one of the best games in the curriculum of sports, for while it takes an active person to be a good tennis player, still the exercise is not near as violent as it is in many other games, and at the same time by far more beneficial and health-promoting. The court has been graded so that in a short time it will be the smoothest one at the College. A wire back-stop has been erected, so that with these improvements the boys expect to have in tennis a pleasant pas-time during recreation hours. Mr. Wm. Arnold has been elected Manager, and he will endeavor to arrange games with rival tennis clubs.

E. WILLS, '03.

LOCALS.

Cyprian thinks it quite natural that hens should lay eggs. Ignatius does not agree with him and maintains that they have quite a different reason for laying their eggs. Cyp.: "Why shouldn't they lay them?" Ign. "Because they can't make them stand on ends."

Bernard (standing before the looking glass): "Why, if this ain't a sure sign of spring! my whiskers are starting to bud!"

Professor: "How is gold produced?" Roman: "From a combination of the vowel o and the three consonants g-l-d metallically arranged."

Ley (to the florist), "Sixtus, why don't you make those flowers grow!"

McGill leaves others do the paying, he takes the wheel.

If base-ball pitchers would turn out as they are sometimes described during the game, they would be nothing but a mixture of glass, wood, and cork.

Joseph (to prefect): "Don't you like me at all?" Prefect: "Yes, I would, but you are too N(n)ughty."

Who can explain it? "Ever since our first band rehearsal in the grove you don't hear a bird sing anymore!"

Sylvester.

If spring were in reality what poets tell us it is, men would take it for altogether a different thing.

People that bother most about flies are the baseball players.

"Turtles may be slow animals, but they usually get there in time for soup all right."

Werling's meditation (standing by the fallen flag-pole): "Thou lofty monument of by-gone greatness, now lying smashed at my feet! In thee I recognize earth's fleeting glory. The mind that conceived thee soared far away; the genius that created thee was rudely driven hence." "Domini, the track team is running off!"

Professor (in natural philosophy): "Which travels with greater velocity, heat or cold?" Hoffman: "Heat, because everybody can catch cold."

What could be mightier than the pen? A. Junk: "The corkscrew."

Felician says: "Cyril is the biggest blower in the band."

"The cheapest means for baldheaded people wishing to regain the gift which nature so bountifully bestows upon the generality of mankind, would be to associate with a person that had now and then some *hair-raising* tale to tell." P. Welsh.

"Baalam's ass was not the only one that actually talked, lots of them do now." Schaefer.

Boeke (witnessing a tennis contest): "Why do you call that a love game?" Studer: "Because it is one-sided, like love affairs generally are."

Arnold: "I have been haunted with horrible visions the last few nights; it appeared as though the ghosts were actually hovering on my forehead. Don't you know any means of banishing these frightful visitors?" George: "Yes, dead-stuck."

KEEP COOL!

Ye gods! it is a delicate task
To write just thus as men would please!
If one can't give for what they ask,
To grumble they will never cease.

Nothing but blame, severe reproach,
Is heaped upon you in the race.
"Upon mine honor you encroach,"
Says he, "insult me in the face.

You cracked a dirty joke on me,
You scoundrel, liar!" Just keep cool,
I did not mean it. Don't you see,
On that account you are no fool!

"Of course," he says, "I am no fool,
But such affairs! they make me mad."
If you did not catch on, keep cool;
Then explanation can be had.

Whate'er this column doth contain,
May not present reality;
Some things of fiction may remain
With what was actuality.

'T is not to make you bitt'rer still,
Your name I coupled with a joke:
But to make sweet, or as you will,
A gush of laughter to evoke.

But if you think you were disgraced
And vilely brought into ill fame:
To make me sure it was unplaced,
Come, friend, and sign your name—

So that in future all may know,
Your name dare not be thus abused.
And if it does not suit you now,
—Can't tell, 't may again be used!

ILD. RAPP, '00.

HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, H. Bernard, F. Boeke, J. Braun, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, L. Dabbelt, M. Donohue, H. Froning, R. Goebel, T. Hammes, P. Hartman, A. Hepp, C. Hils, E. Hoffman, H. Horstman, A. Kamm, W. Keilman, J. Lemper, E. Ley, A. McGill, J. Meyer, H. Metzdorf, H. Muhler, J. Mutch, J. Sanderell, M. Schumacher, J. Seitz, J. Steinbrunner, T. Sulzer, F. Theobald, L. Wagner, P. Welsh, E. Werling, J. Wessel, E. Wills.

90-95 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, J. Buchman, C. Eder, C. Ellis, C. Fischer, W. Flaherty, J. Hildebrand, E. Lonsway, J. Naughton, V. Sibold, G. Studer, J. Trentman, C. VanFlandern, P. Wahl.

As there will be no monthly repetition at the end of May, on account of the semi-annual examination, the honorary mention for class work of this month will be found in the next number.
